in the Middle West

Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "The Maid of the Forest," etc.

## SYNOPSIS.

Adole in Chemnayne, a belle of New France, is among conspirators at her unclars house. Cassion, the commissaire, has enlisted her Uncle Chevet's aid against La Salte. D'Artigny, La Salte's friend, offers his services as guide to Cassion's party on the lourney to the wilderhess. The uncle informs Adele that he has betrothed her to Cassion and forbids her to see D'Artigny again. In Quebec Adele visits her triend, Sister Celeste, who brings D'Artigny to her. She tells him her story and he yows to release her from the bargain with Cassion. D'Artigny leaves promising to see her at the lames. Cassion escorts Adele to the hall the meets the governor, La Barre, and ears him warn the commissaire against l'Artigny. D'Artigny's ticket to the ball as ocen rocalled, but he gains entrance y the window. Adele informs him of the overnor's words to Cassion.

\*----La Barre and Cassion, enemies of Adele and haters of her protector, Rene d'Artigny, visit a frightful tragedy on this brave little girl-one which marks her for life-all unbeknownst to Rone. How she meets the great sorrow, with what courage she faces a future that looks forever dark, is described with keen sympathy in this installment.

## -----CHAPTER V .- Continued.

(Adele, hiding in a dark room with D'Artigny, is caught eavesdropping on the governor as he conspires with rascals to steal her heritage and is brought into the open. He questions

"I do not know, monsieur." "Who was here when you came in?"

"No one, monsteur; the room was empty."

Then you hid there, and overheard the conversation between Colonel Delguard and myself?" "Yes, monsieur," I confessed, feel

ing my limbs tremble. And also all that has passed since Monsieur Cassion entered?

Yes, monsieur,' He drew a deep breath, striking his hand on the desk, as though he would

control his anger. Were you alone? Had you a com-

I know not how I managed it, yet I raised my eyes to his, simulating a surprise I was far from feeling.

"Alone, monsieur? I am Adele la Chesnayne; if you doubt, the way of discovery is open without word from

His suspicious, doubting eyes never left my face, and there was sueer in | sion-if he daredhis voice as be answered.

"Bah! I am not in love to be played with by a witch. Perchance 'tis not bending his shaven bead to La Barre, easy for you to lie. Well, we will see, as his crafty eyes swiftly swept our within the alcove

The commissaire was there even be fore the words of command were uttered, and my heart seemed to stop beating as his heavy hand tore aside the drapery. I leaned on the desk, bracing myself, expecting a blow, a struggle; but all was slient. Cassion, braced, and expectant, peered into the shadows, evidently perceiving nothing; then stepped within, only to instantly reappear, his expression that of disappointment.

'No one is there, monsieur," he reported, "but the window is open,"

"And not a dangerous leap to the court below," returned La Barre thoughtfully. "So far you win, mademoiselle. Now will you answer me-



The Door Opened and a Lean Priest in Black Robe Entered.

were you alone there ten minutes

"It is uscless for me to reply, monsieur," I answered with dignity, "as it will in no way change your deci-

"You have courage, at least." "The inheritance of my race, mon-

"Well, we'll test it then, but not in the form you anticipate." He smiled, but not pleasantly, and resumed his "L propose closing sent at the desk. your mouth, mademoiselle and placing you beyond temptation. Monsieur Cassion, have the Beutenant at the door

As though in a daze I saw Cussion open the door, speak a sharp word to. I appeal, for I know well the cause of suming the harshness of authority open the door, speak a safety of the control of the

Barre, and stood silently awaiting his orders. The latter remained a mo-

ment motionless, his lips firm set. "Where is Father Le Guard?" "In the chapel, monsieur; he passed me a moment ago."

"Good; inform the pere that I desire his presence at once. Wait! know you the fur trader, Hugo Chevet?"

"I have seen the man, monsieurbig fellow, with a shaggy head." "Ay, as savage as the Indians he has lived among. He is to be found at Eclair's wine shop in the Rue St. Louis. Have your sentries bring him here to me. Attend to both these mat-

La Barre's eyes turned from the disppearing figure of the officer, rested a oment on my face, and then smiled grimly as he fronted Cassion. He semed well pleased with himself, and to have recovered his good humor.

"A delightful surprise for you, Monsieur Cassion," he said genially, "and let us hope no less n pleasure for the fair lady. Be seated, mademoiselle. Your marriage is to take place tonight."

"This affair is no longer one of affection; it has become the king's bustness, a matter of state. I decide it is best for you to leave Quebec; ay! and New France, mademoiselle. There is but one choice, imprisonment here, or exile into the wilderness." He leaned forward staring into my face with his ierce, threatening eyes. "I feel it better that you go as Monsleur Casslon's wife, and under his protection. I deee that so you shall go.'

"Alone-with-with-Monsleur Cas-

"One of his party. 'Tis my order also that Hugo Chevet be of the company. Perchance a year in the wilderness may be of benefit to him, and he might be of value in watching over young D'Artigny."

Never have I felt more helpless, nore utterly alone. I knew all he meant, but my mind grasped no way of escape. His face leered at me as through a mist, yet as I glanced aside at Cassion it only brought home to me a more complete dejection. The man was glad-glad! He had no conscience, no shame. To appeal to him would be waste of breath-a deeper humiliation. Suddenly I felt cold, hard, reckless; ay! they had the power to force me through the unholy ceremony. I was only a helpless girl; but beyond that I would laugh at them; and Cas-

The door opened, and a lean priest in long black robe entered noiselessly,

'Monsieur desired my presence?" "Yes, Pere le Guard, a mission of napplness. There are two here to be olned in matrimony by bonds of Holy church. 'Ve but wait the coming of

the lady's guardian." The pere must have interpreted the

expression of my face. "'Tis regular, monsieur?" he asked. "By order of the king," returned La Barre sternly. "Beyond that it is not necessary that you inquire. Ah! Monsleur Chevet; they found you then? I have a pleasant surprise for you. 'Tis hereby ordered that you accompany Commissaire Cassion to the Illinois country as Interpreter, to be paid from

my private fund. Chevet stared into the governor's dark face, scarce able to comprehend, his brain dazed from heavy drinking. "The Illinois country! I-Hugo Che

vet? 'Tis some joke, monsieur?" "None at all, as you will discover presently, my man. I do not jest on lated at length, "but go you must, the king's service."

"But my land, monsieur; my niece? "Bah! let the land lie follow; 'twill cost little while you draw a wage, and as for mademoiselle, 'tis that you may back; you have your orders, and now I'll show you good reason." He stood will join the lady."

CHAPTER VI.

The Wife of François Cassion. knew then, and recall now, much of followed the commissaire down the the scene, yet it returns to memory step path which led to the river. more in a passing picture than an actual reality in which I was an actor.

Through swimming mist I saw his revile, but the bond held. This though face, stern, dark, threatening, and then grew clearer as my mind readjusted glimpsed Cassion approaching me, a itself, and the full horror of the situasmile carling his thin lips. I shrank back from him, yet arose to my feet, was nothing I could do; I could neither frembling so that I clung to the chair escape nor fight, nor had I a friend to to keep erect. in a voice which scarcely sounded like

my own. Cassion stood still, the smile turned, his eyes cold and hard,

would dare disobey me?" I caught my breath, gripping the chair with both hands.

swered, surprised at the clearness with decting on the water, and showing us which I spoke. "That would be use- the dark outlines of waiting canoes, less; you have behind you the power of and seated figures. Gazing about Cas-France, and I am a mere girl. Nor do sion broke the silence, his voice asaside at me, even as he saluted La tection from this outrage, but not will make answer to me.

through such representative as I see

"Pere le Guard is chaplain of

"And sestant to your will, monsieur Tis known in all New France be is more diplomat than priest. Nay! I back my word, and will make trial of his priesthood. Father, I do not love this man, nor marry him of my own free will. I appeal to you, to the church, to refuse the sanction." The priest stood with fingers interlocked, and head bowed, nor did his

eyes meet mine. "I am but the bumble instrument of those in authority, daughter," he repiled gently, "and must perform the sacred duties of my office. 'Tis your own confession that your hand has een pledged to Monsieur Cassion."

"By Hugo Chevet, not myself." Enough of this," broke in La Barre ernly, and he gripped my arm, "The girl hath lost her head, and such controversy is unseemly in my presence. Pere le Guard, let the ceremony proceed."

"'Tis your order, monsleur?" "Ay! do I not speak my will plainly nough? Come, the hour is late, and our king's business is of more import than the whim of a girl."

I never moved, never lifted my eyes. was conscious of nothing, but belp ess, impotent anger, of voiceless shame. They might force me to go through the form, but never would they make me the wife of this man. My heart throbbed with rebellion, my mind hardened into revolt. I knew all that occurred, realized the significance of every word and act, yet it was as if they appertained to someone else. I felt the clammy touch of Cassion's hand on my nerveless fingers, and I must have answered the interrogatories of the priest, for his voice droned on, meaningless to the end. It was only in the silence which followed that seemed to regain consciousness, and new grip on my numbed faculties. Indeed I was still groping in the fog, bewildered, inert, when La Barre gave atterance to a coarse laugh,

"Congratulations, Francois," "A fair wife, and not so unwilling after all. And now your first

The sneer of these words was like a slap in the face, and all the hatred, and indignation I felt seethed to the surface. A heavy paper kulfe lay on the desk, and I gripped it in my fingers, and stepped back, facing them The mist seemed to roll away, and I saw their faces, and there must have been that in mine to startle them, for even La Barre gave back a step, and the grin faded from the thin lips of the commissaire.

"'Tis ended then," I said, and my voice did not falter. "I am this man's wife. Very well, you have had your way! now I will have mine. Listen to what I shall say, Monsieur le Gouverneur, and you also, Francois Cassion. By rite of church you call me wife, but that is your only claim. I know your law, and that this ceremony has sealed my lips. I am your captive, nothing more; you can rob me now-but, mark you! all that you will ever get is money. Monsleur Cassion, if you dare lay so much as a finger on slowly and drifted aside, giving me doubt how my race repays insult. I understand?"

Cassion stood leaning forward, where my first words had held him motionless. As I paused his eyes were on my face, and he lifted a hand to wipe away drops of perspiration. La Barre crumpled the paper he held savagely.

"So," he exclaimed, "we have un chained a tiger cat. Well, all this is naught to me; and Francois, I leave you and the wilderness to do the taming. In faith, 'tis time already you were off. You agree to accompany the party without resistance, madame?" "As well there, as here," I answered

contemptuously. "And you, Hugo Chevet?"

The giant growled something inarticulate through his beard, not altogether, I thought, to La Barre's liking, for his face darkened.

"By St. Anne! 'tis a happy family amid which you start your honeymoon. Monsieur Cassion," he elacu though I send a file of soldiers with you to the boats. Now leave me and La Barre permitted himself a laugh, I would hear no more until word omes of your arrival at St. Louis,"

We left the room together, the three of us, and no one spoke, as we travaccompany her I make choice. Stand ersed the great assembly hall, in which dancers still lingered, and gained the outer hall. Cassion secured my cloak, up and placed his hand on Cassion's and I wrapped it about my shoulders, arm. "Now, my dear Francois, if you for the night air without was already chill, and then, yet in unbroken si lence, we passed down the steps into the darkness of the street. I walked beside Chevet, who was growling to himself, scarce sober enough to clearly It is vague, all that transpired. I realize what had occurred, and so we

Vaguely I comprehended that I was no longer Adele la Chesnayne, but the But one clear impression dominated wife of that man I followed. A word my brain-my helplessness to resist a muttered prayer, an uplifted hand, the command of La Barre. His word had made me his slave, his vassal. was law in the colony, and from it Nothing could break the bond between there was no appeal, save to the king. us save death. I might hate, despise, tion took possession of me. Yet there whom I could appeal. Suddenly I "Do not touch me, monsieur," I said realized that I still grasped in my hand the heavy paper knife I had spatched up from La Barre's desk, and of triumph leaving his face. La Barre I thrust it into the waistband of my skirt. It was my only weapon of de "What is this, mademoiselle? You fense, yet to know I had even that

seemed to bring me a glow of courage. We reached the river's edge and halted. Below us, on the bank, the "No, Monsieur le Governor," I an- blazing fire emitted a red gleam re

word for the sergeant; ah! is this you,

Le Claire? "All is prepared, monsteur." He glared at the stocky figure frontng him in infantry uniform

"Prepared! You have but three boats at the bank." "The other is below, monsieur; it is ded and walts to lead the way."

"Ab! and who is in charge?" "Was it not your will that it be the guide-the Sieur d'Artigny?"

"Sacre! but I had forgotten the fel-

Ay! 'tis the best place for him. And are all provisions and arms aboard? You checked them, Le Claire?" stowing of each piece; there is nothing forgotten."

I found myself in one of the canoes so filled with men any movement was almost impossible, yet of this I did not complain, for my Uncle Chevet was next to me, and Cassion took sprang down the bank to greet us, hat place at the steering our in the stern. in hand, his eyes on me. My own To be separated from him was all I



It. Monsieur, If You Doubt How My Race Repays Insult."

He had won! he had used his power to conquer! Very well, now he would pay the price. He thought me a helpless girl; he would find me a woman, and a La Chesnayne. The tears left my eyes, and my head lifted, as purpose and decision returned.

We were skirting the northern bank, the high bluffs blotting out the stars, with here and there, far up above us, a light gleaming from some distant window, its rays reflecting along the black water. The Indian paddlers worked sliently, driving the sharp prow of the heavily laden cance steadily up stream. Farther out to the left was the dim outline of another boat, keeping pace with ours, the moving figures of the paddlers revealed against the water beyond,

As the sun forced its way through

an obscuring cloud, the mist rose

me, I will kill you as I would a snake. glimpse of the canoe in advance, alknow what I say, and mean it. You though it remained indistinct, a vague kiss me! Try it, monsieur, if you speck in the waste of water. I sat motionless, gazing about at the scene, will go with you; I will bear your yet vaguely comprehending the nature name; this the law compels, but I am of our surroundings. My mind restill mistress of my soul, and of my viewed the strange events of the past body. You hear me, messleurs? You night, and endeavored to adjust itself to my new environment. Almost in an instant of time my life had utterly changed-I had been married and exiled; wedded to a man whom I despised, and forced to accompany him into the unknown wilderness. It was like a dream, a delirium of fever, and even yet I could not seem to comprehend its dread reality. But the speeding canoes, the strange faces, the occasional sound of Cassion's voice, the slumbering figure of Chevet was evidence of truth not to be ignored, and ahead yonder, a mere outline, was the boat which contained D'Artigny. What would he say, or do, when he learned the truth? Would he care greatly? Had I read rightly the message of his eyes? Could I have trust, and confidence in his loyalty? Would be accept my explanation! or would be condemn me for this act in which I was in no wise to blame? Mother of God! it came to me that it was not so much Monsieur Cassion I feared, as the Sieur d'Artigny. What would be his verdict? My heart seemed to stop its beating, and tears dimmed my eyes,

CHAPTER VII.

I loved.

as I gazed across the water at that

distant canoe. I knew then that all

my courage, all my hope, centered on

his decision-the decision of the man

The Two Men Meet. I could not have slept, although I must have lost consciousness of our

FLICKER IS AN ANT EATER opening big enough to admit the bird Unlike Its Woodpecker Cousin the Bird Spends Much Time on

the Ground, The flicker is America's most important ant eater. It has an appetite for these little creatures that is almost beyond understanding. United States scientists examined the stomach of one bird and found more than five thousand ants. The stomachs of two others contained more than three

thousand each. It is the only member of the woodpecker family which spends much time on the ground. It may be that its appetite for ants has compelled it to forsake the trees, and the diet of boring insects which its relatives enjoy. At any rate, you'll see it quite often scooting along highways or hopping over lawns.

Yes, it is here now, and if its appetite is normal this year, its family probably has consumed several mil- plate of steel, 14 feet in diameter. lions of ants by this time. You'll This shield is given a vibration reknow it by its mottled brown and ducing lining of asbestos board on the black body, the red patch on its head face toward the lake. A space of four and the black crescent at its throat. Inches between the steel and asbestos If you need any other identification, is filled with mineral wool, corrosion watch it when it files, and see the of the steel by the sulphur impurity

Pass the in the form of a bird box, with an the undesired sound.

surroundings, for I was aroused by Cassion's voice shouting some com mand, and became aware that we were making landing on the river bank. The sun was two bours high, and the spot selected a low grass covered point, shaded by trees. Che vet had awakened, sobered by his nap, and the advance canoe bad already been drawn up on the shore, the few soldiers it contained busily engaged in starting fires with which to cook our

morning meal. I perceived D'Artigny with my first glance, standing erect on the bank his back toward us, directing the men "With care, monsieur; I watched the in their work. As we shot forward toward the landing he turned indif-ferently, and I marked the sudden straightening of his body, as though in surprise, although the distance gave for the "morning frock" or "pastime veils is draped over it, and this with me no clear vision of his face. As our suit" or "breakfast dress," as it is a narrow band of black velvet draped canoe came into the shallows he glance fell before the eagerness in his face, and I turned away.

"Ah! Monsieur Cassion," he exclaimed, the very sound of his voice evidencing delight. "You have guests on the journey; 'tis unexpected.

Cassion stepped over the side and routed him, no longer a smiling gallant of the court, but brutal in authority.

"And what is that to you, may I ask, Sieur d'Artigny?" he said coldly contemptuous. "You are but our guide, and it is no concern of yours who may compose the company. "Twill be well for you to remember your place, and attend to your duties. Go, now, and see that the men have breakfast

served. There was a moment of silence, and I did not even venture to glance up to perceive what occurred, although I felt that D'Artigny's eyes shifted their inquiry from Casslon's face to mine. There must be no quarrel now, not until he knew the truth, not until I had opportunity to explain, and yet he was a firebrand, and it would be like him to resent such words. How relieved I felt as his voice made final

"Pardon, Monsieur le Commissaire," he said, pleasantly enough. "It is true I forgot my place in this moment

of surprise. I obey your orders." I looked up as he turned away and disappeared. Cassion stared after him, smothered an eath, and evidently disappointed at so tame an ending of the affair, for it was his nature to bluster and boast. Yet as his lips changed to a grin. I knew of what the man was thinking - he had mistaken D'Artigny's actions for cowardice, and felt assured now of how he would deal with him. He turned to the canoe, a new conception of importance in the

sharp tone of his voice. "Come ashore, men; ay! draw the boat higher on the sand. Now, Monsieur Chévet, assist your niece forward to where I can help her to land with dry feet-permit me, Adele."

"It is not necessary, monsieur," ! replied, avoiding his hand and leaping lightly to the firm sand. "You have forced me into marriage; the law holds me as your wife. I know not how I may escape that fate, or avoid accompanying you. So far I submit, but no further. I do not love you: I do not even feel friendship toward you. Let

He grasped my arm, turning me about until I faced him, his eyes glar-

ing into mine "Not until I speak," he replied threateningly. "Do not mistake my temper, or imagine me blind, I know it is that gay, simpering fool yonder. But be careful how far you go. I am your husband, and in authority here.' I released my arm, but did not move, My only feeling toward him at that moment was one of disgust, defiance. The threat in his eyes, the cool insolence of his speech, set my blood on

"Monsieur," I said coldly, although every nerve of my body throbbed. "you may know girls, but you deal now with a woman. Your speech, your insinuation is insult. I disliked you before; now I despise you, yet I will say this in answer to what you have intimated Monsieur d'Artigny is nothing to me, save that he hath shown himself friend. You wrong him, even as you wrong me, in thinking otherwise, and whatever the cause of misunderstanding between us, there is no excuse for you to pick quarrel with him."

Will the Jesuit, Uncle Chevet and D'Artigny counterplot against Cassion and his iniquitous fellows to free Adele-provided she has the opportunity to tell them what she has learned before it is too late to thwart. Governor La Barre's scheme?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

and room enough inside for one of its breadth is almost certain to be accepted.

Police Deadline.

The police "deadline" in New York city, the especially guarded section which includes the financial district, covers the territory of Manhattan is land below Fulton street. The original use of the word "deadline" was to designate a line drawn around the inside or outside of a military prison, which no prisoner could cross without incurring the penalty of being immediately shot down. The word was especially used in the Civil war of openair inclosures or prisoners' stockades.

Effective Silencing Device. The sound deflector installed by the bureau of lighthouses at the Buffalo light station, to lessen the distract ing noise spreading from the fog siren back over the city, is a saucer-shaped white patch beneath its tail feathers. of the wool having been guarded Perhaps you would like it to spend against by suitable treatment. This the summer with you. An invitation silencing device has cut off much of

## In Woman's Realm

"Morning Frock" an Innovation That Well Deserves the Success It Has Achieved-Many Materials That Are Available-Midsummer Hats All Have Wide Brims - Three of the Pretty Models Are Illustrated Here.

When the time came to write the hemp shape with low crown and flat final chapter in the story of summer | brim only moderately wide. It is covfrocks, up sprang a genius who intro- ered with crepe georgette and trimmed duced a new and happy ending. And with crepe roses all in pale tones of now no one wants to lay the tale aside, shell pink. The filmiest of black mesh variously called, has added an unex- at the base of the crown gives an at



PASTIME SUIT OF HEAVY COTTON STUFF.

the woman of today. It is sensible set close to the underbrim. and attractive and inexpensive, and it

radiates snappy style. either the skirts or coats.

In the Illustration a suit is shown spaces in the straw shape in which the plain white skirt is fin-

pected interest to summer appareling, tractive depth of color. A wreath of It is a garb that suits and expresses roses rests on the hair in a prim row

At the left an odd development of the "cane-seat" hat lends daintiness The heavier cotton weaves in white to the substantial but cool-looking and colors are used in making this shape. The brim is edged with lace new order of summer clothing. Cot- hair braid and outlined on the under ton poplin, gaberdine, basket weaves, side with lines of French blue. Picotcrash, and twills or any cotton stuff edged ribbon in the same shade of with body and durability, that will blue is drawn about the crown, and stand wear and tubbing will answer. tiny chiffon roses with long stems ap-White khaki is an excellent choice for pear to clamber over the crown, the stems threaded through the open

A familiar and always pretty hat ished at the bottom with a cuff of the of leghorn appears at the right, of the



WIDE BRIMS THE MIDSUMMER VOGUE

blue stuff. For no particular reason, sort that is never entirely out of style. ed break near the front. The short brim. Its designer has confined her cuffs and collar.

There is any number of gayly colored cottons to make a variety of pretty for young faces that the milcoats from, like the vivid but pleasing colors that appear in the striped cot- ter means of decoration. tons for sports coats and skirts. The pastime suit is an inspiration of the sports suit, but it appears, so far, in a combination of white and one color in plain materials. All the simple, quickly made decorative stitches are appropriate in needlework decorations on these jaunty coats.

About the only debatable question in midsummer millinery lies in its width of brim, and there are three widths to choose from. They are wide, wider, widest. The hats shown in the illustration are far from extremes and they are very pleasing developments of three entirely different styles. The pretty model at the center is a

the cuff fails to extend all the way It has a round crown, covered with around the skirt, but has an unexpect- crepe georgette, and a wide and floppy loose coat is smocked with white floss, self to approved methods in trimming to adjust it to the figure, at the belt it, with a big pink rose and a wreath line and shoulders in front and across of forget-me-nots posed at the front. the waistline at the back. Needlework Black velvet ribbon is tied across and in white floss finishes the edges of the around the crown, ending in loops and ends at the right side near the back. The model is so convincingly liner need never worry to look for bet-

Julia Bottomby

Shaded Ostrich Boas. In order to stimulate the interest n feathery neck trimmings, the manufacturers are now putting out shaded ostrich boas, very long and fluffy. Beginning with a faint color at one end, it gradually deepens until at the other it is of deepest hue.

Cotton imports into China last year showed an increase of \$8,750,000 in value.

Ballet Influence,

The continued vogue for dancing and the ballet has undoubtedly influenced the designers of evening frocks and the ballrooms at seashore and mountain resorts during the coming summer are certain to present a very

picturesque appearance. For spring bridal frocks the note of finffiness is also in evidence, and bridesmalds in particular will wear gowns duat are delightful, airy and delicate looking. Some of the newest motels are difficult to describe, 5,000 tons of antimony.

although in design they are simplicity

Lucile's Girdles.

In all her new dresses, especially those of filmy lace and net and chifton Lucile has made girdles of silk, well boned and fitted to a nipped-in waist and pointed at the lower front. These are corded all around and are fastened invisibly at the underarm.

United States last year produced